

# CAPTAIN SPONGE



INVESTIGATING A SUNKEN WRECK 60 MILES OFF THE  
CHINA SHORE, CAPTAIN SPONGE, MARINE INVESTIGATOR,  
WORKS IN 400 FEET OF WATER WITH HELIUM IN HIS  
SUIT INSTEAD OF AIR. HE IS ABLE TO DESCEND  
TO 400 FEET INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 150.

10¢

No. 10

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# CAPTAIN STONE

Comics

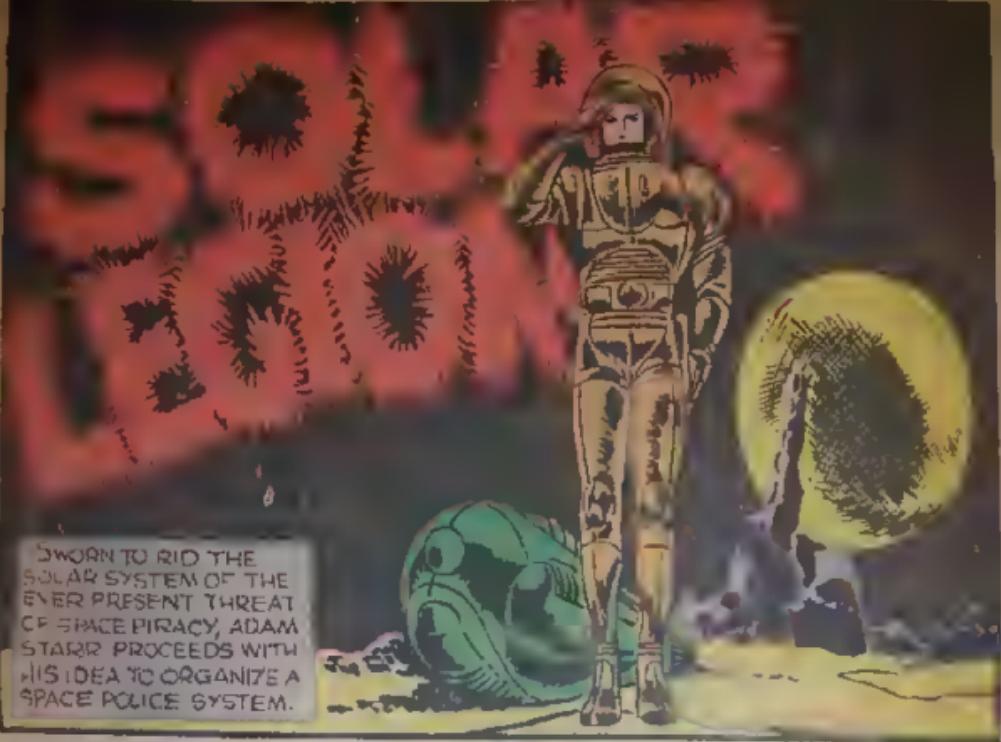
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“OUCH THAT SHARK  
ALMOST TOOK OFF MY LEG.”

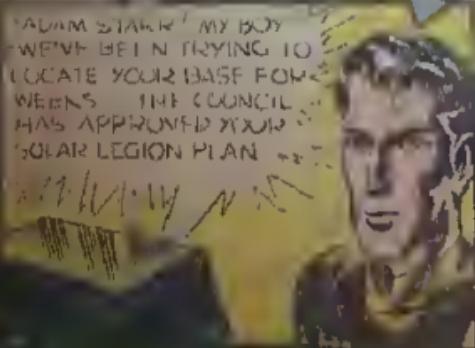
INVESTIGATING A SHARK WHILE 60 MILES OFF THE  
CHINA SHORE! CAPTAIN STONE IS A MARINE INVESTIGATOR  
WORKS IN 400 FEET OF WATER WITH HELIUM IN HIS  
SUIT INSTEAD OF AIR HE IS ABLE TO DESCEND  
TO 400 FEET INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 150

No. 10

NARFSTAR



SWORN TO RID THE  
SOLAR SYSTEM OF THE  
EVER PRESENT THREAT  
OF SPACE PIRACY, ADAM  
STARR PROCEEDS WITH  
HIS IDEA TO ORGANIZE A  
SPACE POLICE SYSTEM.





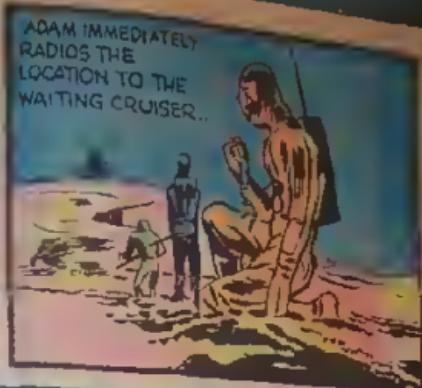
ADAM'S ROCKET  
REACHES THE STEAMY,  
MUDDY SURFACE OF  
VENUS

THE FLASHING ROCKET  
BECOMES A SUBJECT OF  
INTEREST TO SOME VERY  
KEEN OBSERVERS OF ITS  
FLIGHT----"ARTHAK, THE  
SPACE PIRATE AND HIS  
VENUSIAN FISH-MEN!"





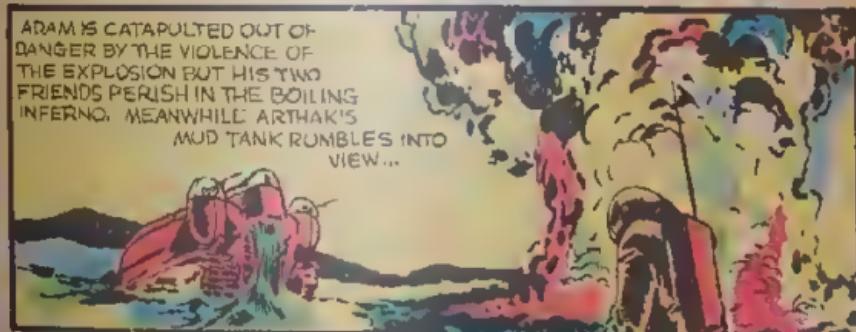
THEY FIND  
ADYMAX'S AIR BASE



ADAM IMMEDIATELY  
RADIOS THE  
LOCATION TO THE  
WAITING CRUISER...



A SEARING BLAST  
OF A HEAT RAY  
ENVELOPES THE SCOUTING  
PARTY IN A  
SEETHING HELL!



ADAM IS CATAPOULTED OUT OF  
DANGER BY THE VIOLENCE OF  
THE EXPLOSION BUT HIS TWO  
FRIENDS PERISH IN THE BOILING  
INFERNO. MEANWHILE ARTHAK'S  
MUD TANK RUMBLES INTO  
VIEW...



AM NEVER FEELS HIS  
APPROACHING AS HE  
FALLS INTO THE CLINGING  
MUD... AND OH VISION...



DAZED HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET





A HEAT BEAM  
SUDENLY  
STABS ACROSS  
ADAM'S VISION  
BLASTING THE  
MONSTROUS WORM  
AT "



THE CRUISER HAS ANSWERED  
R.A.  
MESSMUR



MEANWHILE  
ARTHAK AND  
HIS BASE ENTER  
ETERNITY THE  
SAME WAY



# SECRET AGENT Z-2

By Douglas

Z-2, GOVERNMENT OPERATIVE EXTRAORDINARY IS ASSIGNED TO A CASE THAT IS CAUSING THE GOVERNMENT A GOOD DEAL OF EMBARRASSMENT

## NEWS ITEM

GEM THIEF GANG MAKES ANOTHER BIG HAUL IN CHICAGO'S SWANKIEST NIGHT CLUB. THEY OPERATE AMONG THE FASHIONABLE SET AND THEY SEEM TO HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE .....

IT'S GOT TO STOP, Z-2! THIS GANG IS MAKING THIS DEPARTMENT THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE SERVICE! THEY MUST BE BROUGHT IN!

IT IS MY BELIEF, SIR, THAT IT ISN'T A GANG BUT ONE OR TWO PERSONS WHO TRAVEL BY PLANE BECAUSE THE THEFTS IN SAN FRANCISCO, ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO WERE DONE WITHIN THREE DAYS

I HAVE AN IDEA WHY NOT LOAD BETTY WITH JEWELRY AND LET HER PLAY AROUND THE SWELL HOTELS AND NIGHT CLUBS'

IT MIGHT WORK

THE CHIEF AND Z-2 IN CONFERENCE



BETTY, DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF WHO SOMETIMES ASSISTS Z-2



SHE REGISTERS AT AN EXPENSIVE HOTEL



MEANWHILE BETTY, HEAVILY BEJEWELLED,  
VISITS THE VERY SWANK PLACES AND  
SHOWS HER JEWS CONSPICUOUSLY



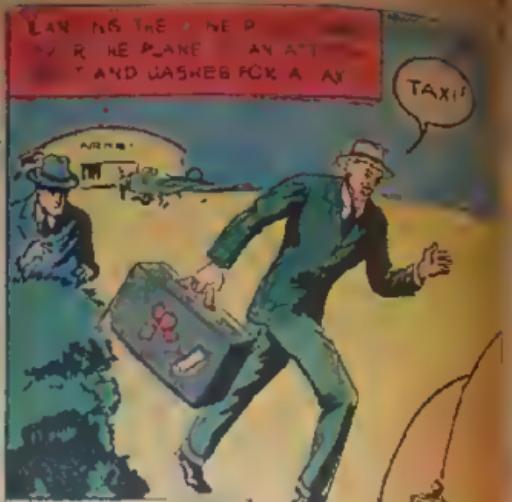
A WOMAN ENGAGES BETTY IN CONVERSATION



THEY STRIKE UP AN ACQUAINTANCE



AND BETTY ACCEPTS HER INVITATION





DRESSED AND GLOATING OVER THE JEWELS THEY LEAVE FOR THE FAMOUS STORM CLUB FOR ANOTHER GEM ROBBERY (4)



BETTY!  
ARE YOU  
HURT?

I'M NOT WORRIED.  
BE ALRIGHT. IT'S  
A MINUTE AND I  
TALK TO YOU ALL ABOUT

WE'VE GONE TO A NIGHT CLUB  
FOR ANOTHER HAUL BEFORE  
THEY LEAVE THEY MAY BE  
BACK ANY MINUTE

NOT BAD FOR ONE NIGHT!  
NOW TO THE AIRPORT  
AND A GET AWAY MONEY

NOT SO FAST,  
SWEETHEART!

AND SO  
ANOTHER  
CAFE IS  
FOUND  
BY Z-2

CHIEF MAY I INTRODUCE MR. AND MRS.  
BIG SHOT? AND BY THE WAY DON'T  
FORGET TO RE-SEND \$2.00 TO BETTY  
FOR THOSE PRETTY GEMS SHE BOUGHT!

FOLLOW Z-2 IN ANOTHER EP

# BUCK BURKE

HE GETS 'EM ALIVE!

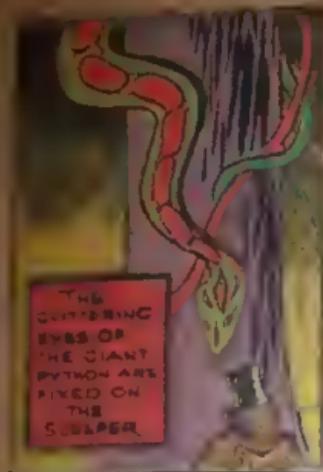
BUCK BURKE IS  
SCRATCHING HIS  
JO JO FROM THE PA  
OF A CHAMOIS BULL

JO JO IS GETTING  
SO FAT AND LAZY  
HE'S SLOWING UP  
THE WHOLE PARTY!  
I'M GOING TO  
LEAVE HIM IN  
CAMP THIS AFTER-  
NOON....

AND SO JO JO IS  
LEFT IN CAMP —  
BUT BURKE IS  
SOON DESTINED  
TO CHANGE HIS  
MIND CONCERNING  
JO JO'S USEFULNESS

ZZZ-ZZ

JO JO GRIEVED  
OVER THE  
MATTER FOR A TIME,  
THEN FELL ASLEEP  
UNDER THE SHADE  
OF A TREE....





WHEW! NEVER  
HEARD SUCH A  
DIN! .... MUST  
BE AN EARTH-  
QUAKE!!

THE DEATH GRIP  
OF THE APE CAUSED  
THE MIGHTY COILS  
TO RELAX...

...I WON THE  
RACE  
DEADLY  
...I ESPIED  
AND HEARD THE  
FOOT STEPS....

IT'S NEAR  
CAMP...  
HURRY!!

THE GORILLA LIFTS  
THE PYTHON HIGH IN  
THE AIR AND FLINGS  
HIM UPON JO JO.....

CAMP  
ONEH!!... THERE'S  
JO JO PICKING  
HIMSELF UP,  
.... BUT WHAT  
CAUSED THAT  
DIN?

JOHNS AND HIS  
PARTY OF BEATERS  
AND GUNARASH  
DIDN'T LEAVE THE  
BURNT BRANCH THE  
STAG AFTER THE  
GORILLA HAD  
VANISHED.....

WHEW! I  
DIDN'T KNOW  
THEY GREW 'EM  
THAT BIG!!

BWANA  
TUMBO!

HE'S ONLY!!  
STUNNED!!  
**GRAB  
HIM!**

IT REQUIRED THE  
COMBINED EFFORTS  
OF BURKE AND  
TWENTY-MUSCLE  
BLAKES TO SUBDUE  
THE PYTHON

GOTCHA!

NICE GOING  
JOJO....HE'S  
THE MOST  
VALUABLE  
SPECIMEN WE  
HAVE!!!

**HOW  
DID YOU  
GET HIM?**

I PULLED  
HIM OUTA  
DAT TREE  
AND STUN  
HIM WID  
MY  
WALKING  
CANE!!

I'VE HEARD MANY  
A TALL STORY  
IN MY TIME  
BUT THAT'S THE  
FIRST ONE I  
EVER SAW  
PROVED...

AN SO  
B K  
BUNKE GAN  
A RA  
SP MN  
READ  
AN Y R  
OF RU K'E  
ADV STU E  
IN OUR  
NXT  
ISSUE .

# Flying TRIO

ITEM THEY  
WANT  
MAYBE  
FOR

DAY AFTER  
DAY OF THIS!  
...NOTHIN'  
EVER  
HAPPENS!!

HAMPERED BY DEFENSE AN  
ENEMY BOMBER IS DRONING  
OVERHEAD SEEKING THE  
NEST OF THE FLYING TRIO....

YOW!!

THERE GOES THE  
CAMOUFLAGED SHED  
UNDER THE HILL...THAT  
MAY NOT FOOL HIM  
FOR LONG!!

THE ENEMY SPOTS THE  
TINY HANGAR AND  
DROPS A DEMOLITION  
BOMB.... THE  
CONCUSSION HURLS RAY  
AND MAG TO THE  
GROUND!

I MUST  
NOT STAY.  
IT IS  
WRITTEN  
THE FOOLISH  
EGG HURLS  
ITSELF AT  
THE STONE!

SING TAKES TO FOOT



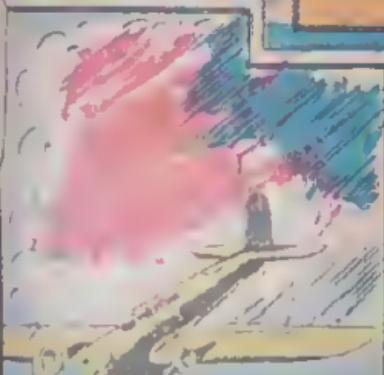
REACHES AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN TO FIND THE CREW STUNNED BY CONCUSSION!



THE FIRST SHELL BURSTS DIRECTLY ABOVE THE RAIDER



LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OUR GUYS SCORED A DIRECT HIT ON THAT BOMBER!! .. GUESS NOT....



THE BIG BOMB RUMBLE IN THE SKY DROPS A HELLISH BOMB ON THE RAIDER'S POSITION IN THE MOUNTAINS.



NICE GOIN', SINC, BUT HOLD IT...WE GOT 'EM WITHOUT ANOTHER SHOT!! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!



THE CREW MUST BE OUT COLD!!

THE GUNNERS ARE DEAD AND THE PILOT'S OUT COLD.... HE WAS CLAWING A BROKEN CABLE TRYING TO GAIN ALTITUDE...

EASY WITH HIM! HE'S A GONE GUY, AND BROUGHT US A SWELL SHIP!!

SOME SHOT, SING!! YOU HIT EVERYTHING BUT THEIR GAS TANKS!! BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG AN HOUR'S WORK WON'T FIX...!!

TIME OUT TO WELD THIS CROSS BRACE AND WE'LL BE ALL SET!!

THE BOY'S HAVE A DARING PLAN TO RAID THE ENEMY WITH HIS OWN BOMBER

NOW LISSEN, SING..... IF WE WAIT TO GET THE MAJOR'S OKEH HE'LL SAY "NO!"... REGULATIONS ARE VERY STRICT ABOUT OUR OWN PLANES BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ENEMY CRATES THERE'S NOT A WORD IN THE BOOK!!.....

BUT RULE BOOK SAY- / FORGET IT!!



AS THE ENEMY  
FLEW TRAINED  
DOWN ON THE  
TRIO RAY  
RIDDLED THE NOSE  
OF THEIR SHIP!!

IN ANOTHER MINUTE  
WE'LL BE OVER THEIR  
HANGARS.....GET  
READY.....!!



DIVING SHARPLY THE  
BIG BOMBER  
DESTROYED AN ENTIRE  
LINE OF PURSUIT PLANES



AS THE GROUND  
CREW TROTTED OUT  
A DEMOLITION BOMB  
HURTLED DOWNWARD  
AND STRUCK THE  
AIRDROME....



WE REPAYED  
THEIR VISIT  
WITH SOMETHING  
TO SPARE...!!

AND WE'D BETTER  
STREAK IT FOR HOME  
BEFORE WE WEAR  
OUT OUR WELCOME...!!



READ THE FURTHER  
ADVENTURES OF THE  
FLYING TRIO IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF  
**CRASH COMICS!**



## SINGAPORE SALLY

by  
Richard Loring

"YOU are a brave man Red Castle," the fat police chief said, grimly. He bit down hard on the stained stub of his cigar. "But you're also an unwise fool. You will never even see Singapore Sally, let alone bring her to justice! Go back to your New York Police Department and admit failure. The Native Quarter of Singapore is an unwholesome spot for a white man at any time. Especially so, in the late of the night, for an officer hunting The Queen of the Quarter!"

I appreciated your tenderness for my safety, Red grinned. But here in the tropics I believe we have a tendency to overestimate the winning and power of criminals. My department wants Sally for a cold-blooded murder she committed on her last visit to New York. They're going to get her!"

Red Castle unhinged his rangy body from the chair and with a cheery "So long!" swung out of the Police Department of the city of Singapore, Siam.

Rumor had it that this Sin spouse Sally, "The Queen of the Quarter" completely ruled with her shapely but bloody hands, this entire section of the city. She had gathered about her a gang of cut-throats and murderers who would kill, torture or rob it her whim command. Many attempts had been made to capture Sally.

With a shrug of his broad shoulders, Red Castle dismissed his impatience, strode through the swinging doors of a respectable looking rate. Moving through the smoke shrouded entrance, he was suddenly confronted by a tall woman.

Her manner was some such surprise she stopped, started as if it were studying him, coldly

"Nobody special, sister," Red replied. "I'm just another tourist looking over the sights."

"Don't hand me that copper. My men nabbed you as a New York snoop the moment you stepped into the Quarter. You're looking for Singapore Sally?" "Well, here she is! What are you going to do about it?"

The fine red hairs on the back of the detective's scalp bristled.

I don't know, he said with an easy laugh and started to slide his hand into his gun pocket. I hadn't counted on bumping into you so quickly.

The next instant Red felt cold steel gouging the back of his neck. The mask-like face of Singapore Sally said,

The we pop in your pocket & if do you no good. She addressed the two pack-marked ruffians who had silently slid up behind Red.

Bring him downstairs to me—uh—reception room!

Following the strikingly tall figure of the most notorious murderer in the Orient, Red Castle was ushered at gun-point through the noisy length of the abode. The steel muzzleing his neck and back, forced him through heavy drapes and down a steep flight of rickety stairs.

Halfway down, one of the natives stumbled and for a fraction of a second the gun snout left his body. Red quickly tensed muscles and released steel.

He pointed, backed and brought one shoulder up between the legs of the Sinuous thug. With a mighty lunge, he sent him crashing down the stairs.

part he came and  
ed from the head of the

a long desperate chance. He was caught, with no  
chance of outside assistance. There was nothing  
lose. Abruptly all his muscles tensed, he locked  
back his chair, at the same time grabbed the chair  
in a killing scissor-hold with his legs.

Shots rang out as he went over backward with the  
native atop of him. He felt slugs thud against  
the native's body. His taped hands reached back into  
the blazing brazier that had been used to heat the  
iron. Fraction of a second later and the tape had  
burned through. His hands were free.

He struggled to move, learned that he was sitting  
in a chair, with his hands taped tightly behind his  
back. The murderer he had come to arrest, was standing  
over him. She was holding a hissing, fiery red  
iron in one slim hand.

"I'm glad you snapped out of it, copper! Sally sneered. Now you can really enjoy our little party. I'm sick of you and your kind continually annoying me. I am going to use you as a lesson to all the  
police in the world. You shall be sent back to your  
department a gibbering idiot! Open your  
mouth!"

Red shook his head dizzily, forcing his brain  
to clear, stared at the red-hot iron in the woman's  
hand.

"Why should I permit you to burn out my tongue  
with that poker?" he asked calmly.

Singapore Sally shrugged, gave an order in Chinese  
to a one-eyed native at her right. Instantly, the  
native reached out and grasped Red's nose between  
his thumb and forefinger.

Knowing that they were going to force him to  
open his mouth to take in breath, Red decided no

By this time the whole room was a chaos. Gun  
shots streaked orange through the darkness of the room. Something hit him from behind. He twisted, lashed out with his hands. Both blows landed solidly against flesh. His eyes followed shadowy forms slithering about the room and the gun in his hand barked several more times until the gun barrel was empty also. He saw the gleam of eyes coming toward him. Like lightning he drew the expert revolver straight toward those eyes. There was a scream and the ring of a falling body. Then, with

ringing the lights faded out and he turned to find the fat police chief and a troop of native police sealing off him.

He wiped blood from his forehead motioned to the grinning figure of Singapore Sally on the floor. "I use a wallet of bullets that will beat her assistants. Red winced and said weakly,

"You're a little late with the rescue, Chief. The American cops may be a bit fool andy, but we get our prisoners!"



# SHANGRA

WITH JOAN JOYLE AND JACK FLYNN REPORTERS

STORY BY NAM CHUNG PO  
ILLUSTRATED BY PAGGILANGR - 14D

WELL JOAN, I DIDN'T  
KNOW IF WE WERE EVER  
GOING TO GET AWAY  
FROM THAT SPOOKY  
SHANGRALAND OR  
NOT!

LOOKS AS WE  
WERE PRETTY  
FORTUNATE AT THAT  
THAT LONNA GAL  
CERTAINLY HAD  
GOO GOO EYES  
FOCUSSED ON  
YOU!

JOAN  
JOYLE  
SHANGRA  
SOL  
IT MAY  
BE A  
FARCE  
MAYBE  
WHY WASN'T SHE  
BEEN  
JOAN AND A LITTLE  
REPORTERS  
MAYBE  
IT'S  
MANY LIPS



AND MY FRIENDS DIDN'T THINK  
THAT LEAVING SHANGRALAND  
WOULD BE AS SIMPLE A MATTER  
AS JUST FLYING AWAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT  
IS, MAYBE BEING WITH-  
OUT FOOD ALL THIS TIME,  
BUT I IMAGINE I'M SEEING  
THINGS AND HEARING  
THINGS!



YOU ARE WRONG...  
SHANGRA HAS JUST ARRIVED!  
IT TOOK ME A LITTLE WHILE  
TO LOCATE YOU THROUGH  
MY SUPER-DECTECTOR  
BUT AS SOON AS I FOUND  
YOU, I JUST WILLED MY-  
SELF TO APPEAR HERE.



JUST WILLED YOURSELF TO A PEAR HERE? SAY WHAT ARE TRYING TO TELL ME? I'M NOT CRAZY YET, BUT IF THIS SORT OF THING KEEPS UP, I'LL DOUBT MY OWN SANITY!

MY FRIEND, YOU SOMEHOW DOUBT SHANGRA! YOU DOUBT HIS POWERS.. AND THE ABILITY TO DO THINGS AS HE WISHES!

YOU'RE A CRAZY OLD LOON... NOW SET BACK THERE AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS OUT OF YOU OR I'LL COME BACK THERE AND TIE YOU UP IN THE CARGO COMPARTMENT!

HOLY MACKEREL! WHAT'S HE HIT AN AIR POCKET?

CALL IT THAT IF YOU WILL BUT SHANGRA CAN SETTLE THE PLANE IF YOU A/K!

IT LOOKS AS IF I HAVE TO CONVINCE MY DOUBTING TEMPESTUOUS FRIEND THAT SHANGRA IS NOT JOKING... THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO BELIEVE THAT WHAT YOU SEE IS SO, AND MAKE UP YOUR MIND THAT YOU MUST BE CONVINCED OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF MY PLANS!

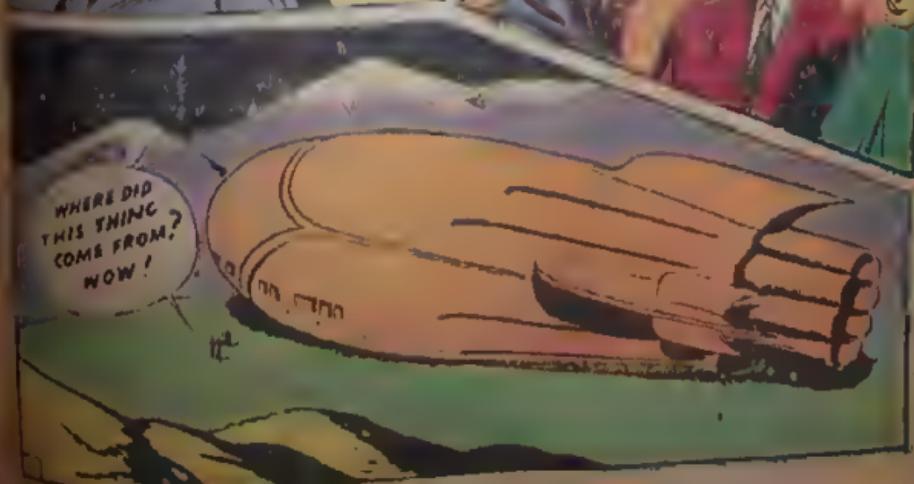
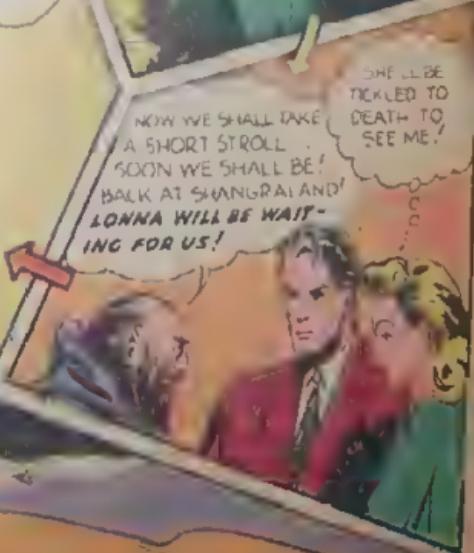
BALONEY!

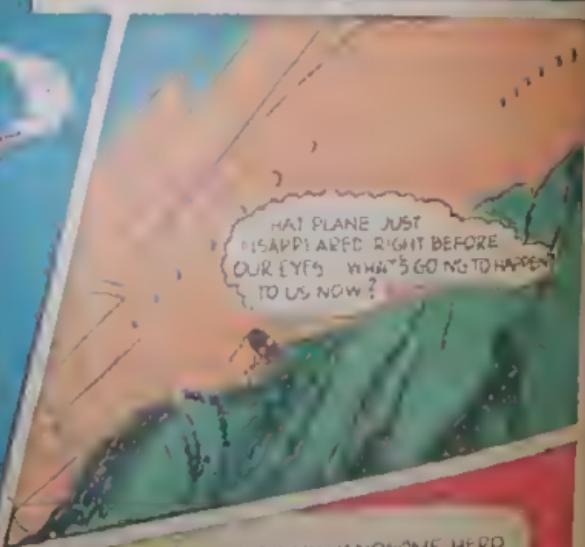
SHANGRA

???







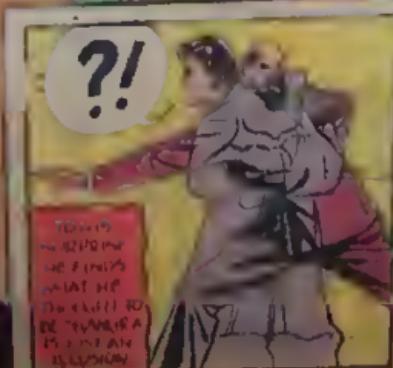


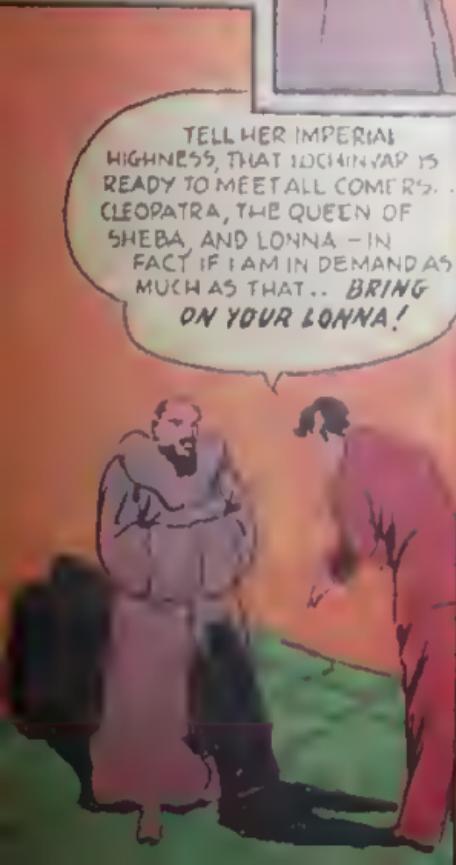
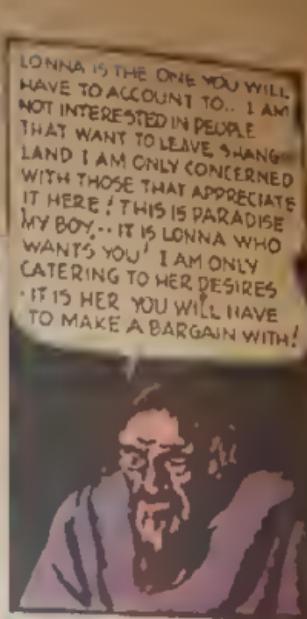




NOW MR. FLYNN... DO NOT EXCITE YOURSELF... CALM DOWN. YOU WILL NEED YOUR STRENGTH. IT IS DAMP AND COLD HERE. WITHOUT IT I DOUBT VERY MUCH IF YOU CAN SURVIVE, AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO SURVIVE!

WHY YOU!!!





A. H. KENNGREY DECIDED  
TO MAKE HER CHANGE  
IN ANOTHER WAY. SHE IS  
NOT IT ON HAVING HIM AS  
KING. WHAT THE PLANS  
ARE I JOHN WE DO NOT KNOW  
EVER. SHE HAS HER  
LITTLE HIDDEN AWAY AND  
LEADS WITH HER PLANS  
FOR JACK.

THEY ARE SAYING  
HAIL, THE KING!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE  
BESIDES BEING A KING  
OF HEARTS, I'M KING  
OF SHANGRALAND.  
WHETHER I LIKE IT OR NOT!

WE SHALL SEE!

BYOMA!

KENNA!

TOWANA  
MANA!

WELL  
I'LL BE A  
MONKEY'S  
UNCLE!

JACK HAS BEEN PRO-  
CLAIMED KING! WHAT  
HAS LONNA IN MIND,  
IN TAKING OUT HER  
PLANS WITHOUT JACK'S  
CONFIRMATION? SEE  
THE NEXT ISSUE OF

CRASH COMICS